

A PETROLEUM FIRE.

Huge Oil-Tanks Near Jersey City, N. J., Set on Fire by Lightning—An Explosion Occurs, Enveloping Six Unfortunate Workmen in the Flaming Liquid—The Loss to Property Placed at \$1,500,000, Partially Covered by Insurance.

JERSEY CITY, May 11.—The works of the Standard Oil Company at Communipaw, the most extensive in this country, was burned yesterday. The fire started during a severe storm in the morning. One of the large tanks near the store was struck and exploded by lightning. The burning oil poured out like an angry river, and flowed down the avenues between rows of enormous tanks toward the river. In a short time the flames communicated with three huge tanks, and they exploded simultaneously with terrific force. Fragments of iron were hurled a distance of half a mile, and the burning oil was scattered in all directions.

The entire fire department was summoned, but its services were almost useless, as the burning streams of oil poured through the yard, firing tank after tank on the east side and licking up the buildings. The storehouse, a solid structure where barreled oil was kept, was attacked by the flames and succumbed. The engine-house went next, and the oil and water pump-houses, sunken tanks, and the machine-shop quickly followed, and the whole easterly side of the works is a seething mass of flame. Despite the tremendous heat and blinding smoke, the firemen worked valiantly in the hope of checking the progress of the flames.

It is estimated there were 500,000 gallons of oil in the tanks, and the loss of property will reach \$1,500,000.

The shift of lightning, of unequal brilliancy, that struck the first tank, was seen by a fireman of engine No. 10, in Hall-dale street, Jersey City, a mile away, and an engine at once started for the scene. It was soon discovered to be a useless work to play upon the flames, and all efforts were directed to prevent them from spreading. This was partially successful until nearly five o'clock, when tank No. 7 exploded with a terrific report, and the blazing oil spread with lightning rapidity.

Chief Ferrier and a number of men were within ten yards of this tank when it exploded, and were saved almost by a miracle.

Dropping the hose, which was soon burned to ashes, they fled for their lives. When they mustered together at a safe distance six of their number were found missing. The smoke was so dense that it was impossible to tell where the fire was going, and it is thought that the unfortunate men ran down to the river and were lost. Their names are: John Herbert, Superintendent; Joseph Jenkins, foreman; Joseph Davis, engineer; Henry Kogler, laborer; Dick Conklin, laborer; and William Curry, boiler-maker.

At the boarding-house of the Eagle saloon, close by, the scene was painful in the extreme. The newly-made widows congregated in one of the rooms, hope and despair alternating in their distracted minds, and lamenting the terrible fate of loved ones, from whom they had parted but a few hours before! No bodies have been found, for the heat renders a close approach to the ruins impossible.

The burning works extended, with those of the Eagle saloon, about three-quarters of a mile inland. The buildings that have been destroyed were situated in the midst of tanks. The wind is southeast, blowing off the sea, and therefore there is no danger of other tanks exploding. Had the wind been northerly, the boarding-house and Eagle Works would certainly have been destroyed also.

The property destroyed consisted of eleven tanks filled, or partly filled with oil; two brick storehouses; six large tanks; a steam dredging machine; several cars, a machine-shop, a cooperage, a blacksmith-shop, a pump-house, several steam pumps and the entire equipment of the establishment, except sixteen tanks. The burned works extended about three-fourths of a mile along the bay, and one-fourth of a mile inland, were erected about fifteen years ago, and cost in the neighborhood of \$200,000. The entire loss, including the destruction of oil and the contents of the buildings, is believed to be about \$1,500,000.

A Shortage of 77,000,000 Bushels in the Estimated Wheat Crop.

WASHINGTON, May 11.—Following is a brief synopsis of the Agricultural Department crop report as to spring and winter wheat:

The May returns for spring wheat are lower as compared with those of April. This is owing to frosts and a backward season. The average as compared with April is 77 for New York; Michigan, 83; Ohio, 62; and Illinois, 66. There is a further loss from the plowing-up of large areas. The reduction in Missouri is from 83 to 80; Indiana, 75; New Jersey, 101—about the same as April. All the remaining Northern States show an improvement since April. This is true of the Pacific Coast, and of nearly all the Southern States—Connecticut, 90; Pennsylvania, 95; Delaware, 85; Maryland, 99; Virginia, 97; North Carolina, 96; South Carolina, 98; Georgia, 97; Alabama, 98; Mississippi, 92; Texas, 87; Arkansas, 86; Tennessee, 83; West Virginia, 90; Kentucky, 87; and Louisiana, 87. This is an improvement of fifteen points for California and of seventeen for Oregon.

The average condition of winter wheat is 83½, against 80. The breadth of the present acreage is 90 per cent. less, representing a loss of 77,000,000 bushels. Reports from London agents show some improvement in last month. A smaller acreage was sown in England. In France and Germany rain and higher temperature are wanted. There are prospects of a reduced crop on the Continent owing to frost and a reduced acreage. In Austria-Hungary there is a prospect of a medium crop.

There was intense interest here to obtain the crop report, and the Agricultural Department early in the day, but all attempts to do this proved unsuccessful. The Commissioner of Agriculture was able to prevent any premature publication of the results, and it certainly can not be charged against the Department that it has any complicity in stock-jobbing. The extraordinarily backward season of heavy frosts, and the long-continued rains have created an impression that the acreage and yield of spring and winter wheat would be much less than it was last year. Some of the leading experts had placed the loss of wheat at 100,000,000 bushels. While the result is not so unfavorable as these more discouraging estimates, still the crop report shows a loss in winter wheat of 77,000,000 bushels, and a corresponding reduction in spring wheat. It is to be noted, however, that the decrease is not uniform; that on the Pacific Coast, for instance, there is a gain of fifteen points in California and seventeen points in Oregon, but on the whole the Agricultural Department report seems to confirm the gloomy views which have been entertained by sav-

on on this.

THE DEADLY CYCLONE.

Wyandotte County, Kansas, and Kansas City, Mo., Receive a Sunday Visit from the Monster.

Sunday the 13th about four o'clock, the people of Kansas City and Wyandotte watched with almost breathless anxiety the gathering of angry clouds in the west, and as the thunder muttered its deep rumblings and the clouds thickened in darkness, it became evident to the thousands of anxious watchers that a storm of more than ordinary violence was rushing eastward, possibly bringing death and devastation in its course. About half-past five the dreadful funnel-shaped cloud was seen to form southwest of the city of Wyandotte and bound along in a northeasterly direction. This struck the residence of Mr. David Reed, who lives two miles west of Wyandotte, had his house completely demolished. His wife, Mrs. Maria Reed, was instantly killed. The family were all in the front room, and seeing the storm approaching set about closing the doors and windows. Mrs. Reed stepped outside to close the door of the henry. While stooping to fasten the door the roof of the dwelling house was blown off and struck her upon the back of the neck, breaking it. Mr. Reed was closing a window when the walls of the house were blown in, and he was fearfully cut about the head and neck. Annie Reed, the ten-year old daughter, seized the baby and ran down into the cellar. She was caught by a falling joist and pinned to the floor badly hurt. The baby dropped to the floor and escaped unharmed. The two-story frame residence of Mr. Clarence Smith was blown down. Mrs. Smith received several injuries about the body. At H. L. Kerr's the roof was blown off the house, but the walls remained standing. Mr. Kerr had the finest orchard in Wyandotte County of which scarcely a tree was left standing. The Stewart Precinct school house, a one-story brick structure, was literally blown in pieces, scarcely one brick being left upon another. Mr. Stewart's elegant conservatory and city beds were destroyed. The roof of Theodore Holly's brick residence was blown off and thrown into the public road, a distance of 200 feet. His barn was blown down and orchard uprooted. The residence of John Schmitt, a German farmer was turned over. All the family, consisting of ten persons, were in the house at the time, and escaped by crawling through the windows after it had been overturned. Other houses in the vicinity were more or less injured. At this point the storm seemed to take the form of a water-spout, and whirled in a circle of about 300 feet in diameter. An eye-witness avers that he saw a forest tree torn up by the roots and carried high in the air, being whirled around the circle of the cyclone. The tree, and finally deposited over 100 feet from where it was uprooted. All through the timber trees were stripped of the bark and twisted in every conceivable manner. The cyclone finally crossed the Missouri River into Clay County, Mo. The damage to property in Wyandotte County is estimated at over \$200,000.

Soon after this another funnel-shaped cloud formed in South Wyandotte, crossed the Kansas River and struck Kansas City, Mo. The approach of this was the signal for flight on the part of the people of the southern portion of the city. The cyclone crossed the bottoms unroofing the Stock Exchange building and commenced its destruction on the bluff by demolishing the uncompleted residence of Mr. J. C. Morton. It then swept along through the Fourth ward, the houses of Ray, A. D. Madeline, A. L. Glens, Upton, D. S. Irwin, E. J. Frey and Keefe's grocery store, being demolished and ruined. Thence eastward until Main street and Fourteenth was reached did the whirling cyclone continue its zig-zag path, blowing down small houses, unroofing larger ones, uprooting trees, running over sidewalks and blowing fences and buildings about like straws. Continuing its course through the city it struck the residence of Mr. John Hengle, Dr. Crow and others were destroyed. The new German Evangelical Church, but recently completed at a cost of \$35,000, was totally ruined, as were all houses on Fourteenth street facing the park from Oak to Locust. The cyclone jumped from block to block, destroying buildings in its course. Buildings were destroyed on the north side of Thirteenth street, from Cherry to Holmes. The damage on Twelfth street was equally great. The destroyer finally passed out of the city in a northeasterly direction. The number of houses destroyed and injured was estimated at over two hundred. The killed in Kansas City were Willie Siebin, a boy twelve years of age, who was at the circus grounds, by the overturning of a circus wagon, and Joseph Burns. The injured were James Drummond, probably fatal; H. Lebrecht, seriously; Mrs. Thomas J. De, dangerously; child of Mrs. Jackson, fatally; Arthur Whitney, a boy, seriously; and Mrs. Trainor, Mrs. Lorie, Mrs. Cynthia Davis and Frank Jenkins. The damage to property in Kansas City was estimated at not less than \$250,000.

The Bishop of Copenhagen.

Munster, Bishop of Copenhagen, was noted for his absence of mind, an infirmity which increased as he advanced in years. He was accustomed whenever his duties summoned him from home, to hang a placard on his door announcing that he would return at a certain hour. One day, being obliged to attend to some important business in the town, he affixed the usual notice, and his errand accomplished, came home and ascended the stairs leading to his modest apartment. On arriving opposite his door he glanced mechanically at the placard, and, entirely unconscious of his own identity, concluded that he was too early, and waited outside until the clock struck, when he suddenly recollected who and where he was and left.

Year Round.

During the last four years the Province of Ontario has lost 100,000 of its population by emigration. The United States has absorbed 70,000 of this number. This country presents a wider field for enterprise than any other in the world. How seldom do we hear of a Yankee emigrating to a foreign country.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The Khedive of Egypt has voluntarily surrendered \$15,000 a year of his civil list to be devoted to the payment of indemnity claims. But this will not make him poor, as he still gets \$735,000 himself, and his family \$600,000 more. It is no wonder Egypt is poor.

A Chapter of Massachusetts Republicanism.

The history of American politics has, we think, no more amusing chapter than that now being written by Governor Butler and the Massachusetts Republicans. Everybody knew that the Massachusetts Republicans regarded Butler's candidacy as an insult to the State, and his election a calamity second only in dimensions and disgrace to the election of Satau to the same office. If the latter event, were possible, everybody knew, too, that when the arrival of the calamity was officially announced the Republicans of Massachusetts adopted as their daily prayer the legend attached to all State papers from time immemorial: "God save the commonwealth of Massachusetts," and that, in their estimation, salvation from the gubernatorial devices of Butler would surpass all other salvation vouchsafed by a merciful Providence since the Yankee blarney-story. But by God's naturally supposed, that this mingled hatred, disgust and fear would gradually wear away as the months rolled on, and that when it was ascertained that Butler had no intention of stealing Faneuil Hall, setting fire to Bunker Hill Monument, or selling the bones of the Pilgrim fathers, his Republican fellow-citizens would accept of him with a good grace, and perhaps trust their Chief Magistrate with the common courtesy to which his office, certainly entitles him. But matters seem to be growing worse and worse. The Republican press, without a single exception, is exalting the vocabulary of vituperation for his benefit, and the Republican leaders and rank and file echo and emphasize the abuse, and apparently only strive to outdo each other in the harsher. The *Albany* investigation—for which the Governor deserves praise rather than blame—has added fuel to the fire, and from the temper displayed by even the most respectable and dignified Republican journals, one would think that institution as holy as the Kaaba of Mecca or the Church of the Sepulcher at Jerusalem. For the mildest, most cheerful, and most unassuming of men might be substituted.

If slightly changed—without exaggerating the wrath and horror that vexes the righteous Republican party of Massachusetts:

"Then came wandering by, A shadowy figure, with hair Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked out loud: 'Clarence is come—false, fleeing, perjured!'

Now, what is all this tremendous fuss about? What is Butler and what has he done to provoke denunciations strong and bitter enough to fit the vilest ruffian that ever stretched his neck? We are neither his champion nor his admirer. We thought and said, at the time, that the Democrats of Massachusetts could and should have selected a more worthy standard-bearer, and we have never considered his election as a "Democratic triumph," to be specially proud of. But Republicans, either in or out of Massachusetts, have no right to wag a broken reed against him. Let us have a little of the "javel consistency." When Butler, in 1841, jumped from the ranks of the ultra pro-slavery, secession Democracy into Abraham's bosom, and a front seat in the Republican family, did not every Republican saint and sinner rejoice at the conversion and hail the convert as "a brand snatched from the burning"? Did not Republican journals of high and low degree, and every literary performance until Dutch Gap and the Petersburg Mine extinguished him?—and have they yet ceased to applaud "the energy and courage" of his dealings with rebels and out of petticoats at New Orleans? And when, after the war was over, he bloomed out into the reddest of Radicals, advocating military Government for the whole South, and declared that all Democrats, South and North, were only traitors in disguise, did not Republicans pat him on the back and encourage him in his "dirty work"? Was there a single Republican in Massachusetts who did not, then think Butler "an anointed of the Lord," so to speak, and consider his services in the Republican cause as invaluable? The files of the very papers now holding him up as an irredeemable political low-down, and personally detestable, of honor or honesty, then chanted his praises and congratulated Massachusetts upon the possession of such a perfect patriot and superlative statesman. Well, Butler is no worse now than then; considerably better, in fact, for he now claims to be a Democrat and is trying to establish his right to a place in the Democratic household on probation. His unpardonable sin, in the eyes of the Massachusetts Republicans, is that he has been elected Governor of their State against their wishes and in spite of their opposition. They could bear him as Governor of any other State, but Massachusetts, they insist, is not to be governed by such as he. "The first families" of the old Commonwealth are as much disturbed by his occupancy of the Executive chair as Queen Victoria. They are only too personally desirous to see him removed by one of her State dinners, and as for the Republicans generally, no comparison can do justice to their feelings.

Nevertheless, Butler is what he is, Governor of Massachusetts, by grace of God and the voice of the ballot-box. Moreover, Massachusetts has had no better Governor—if as good—in the last fifty years. His reform may be rough, but it is the genuine article; and, judging from the revelations at the Twickenham almshouse, did not come before it was needed. The Republicans of Massachusetts may rest assured that their Governor "means business," and that before he gets through Massachusetts Republicanism, as exemplified in the administration of State affairs, will be turned inside out for public inspection. They will kick and curse, but kicks and curses will only stimulate Butler to his task of reformation. He is in the saddle, booted and spurred; has already done some very pretty riding, and will do more before the circus closes. Unfortunately for Massachusetts Republicans, they have season tickets to this circus, which they can neither sell nor give away. They must sit through the show if it kills them.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Philadelphians dry and grate bananas into flour for puddings and pies.

Unnecessarily Distressed.

A Columbus (Ohio) Republican paper, and others copying it, express the painful apprehension that when the Democratic House meets next December, it will displace the gallant Union soldier, Parson Brownlow's son, now Doorkeeper, substituting a rebel Democrat. This "gallant Colonel Brownlow" is also referred to by this Ohio paper as the "leader of an invincible Union regiment of East Tennesseans," and yet he was only fourteen years of age when the interstate war ended. He was never a soldier. He is not a son of the Parson that United States Senator Brownlow. He is related, we believe, to the late Senator, but is wholly unlike him in person and intellect. So far from "leading a regiment of East Tennesseans" in 1861-3, he was born and reared in Virginia, and was never in Tennessee till after the cessation of interstate hostilities. It seems, therefore, that this Doorkeeper Brownlow will not serve the purpose to which our good Republican contemporaries would apply him. He cannot be lifted up as "the serpent in the wilderness." He can't be "waived as a bloody shirt." Union soldiers will shed few tears when he is beheaded. As a place-holder and representative of his party, he is simply the creature of Hon. Leonidas Caesar Houk, the only veteran (?) in this broad land who will shed tears when this Brownlow retires.

Parson Brownlow had two sons, General James P. and Colonel John B. Brownlow; the first, esteemed, though only nineteen years old when he entered the Union service in 1862, the most brilliant cavalry leader in the Army of the Cumberland, Confederate War Records, now being published, will attest this fact. This "dashing soldier" died four years ago, and was buried by Confederate soldiers who came together from all parts of Tennessee to tender proper honors to his fame and deeds and character. The other son of Parson Brownlow was one of three Federal Colonels, who planned and executed, in opposition to the advice of General Gillem, the capture and death of the Confederate cavalry leader, General John H. Morgan, at Greenville, East Tennessee. Gillem was several miles from Greenville when John B. Brownlow and two other Colonels, with their regiments, assailed Greenville, and yet Gillem was made a Major-General and a Colonel in the regular army for this achievement of his subordinates, even as this Doorkeeper Brownlow was made Doorkeeper because of the name he bears and of the deeds and virtues of others imputed to him.

But we only proposed to say that the "rebel" Democracy, so-called, propose to inflict no wrong, as our Ohio contemporary proposes upon the family or name of the late Governor Brownlow. Five thousand "rebels," honoring Parson Brownlow's personal virtues, followed in his funeral train and wept at his bier. They knew the man personally as they did his son, whom they never ungenerously and unjustly confounded with the Houk Doorkeeper of the late Congress. We recite these facts for our Ohio contemporary may not die with a broken heart when this fatidical Walter Brownlow waltzes into the shades of private life.—*American Register.*

The Pivotal State.

The most elaborate attempt we have yet seen to figure out the pivotal State in the Presidential campaign now approaching has been made by the *Chicago Inter Ocean*, and we may concede that its estimate of probabilities is presented in a spirit of fairness, inasmuch as it rather hints more strongly at Democratic success than at another addition to the yet unbroken line of Republican victories. The conditions that will apply to the coming election are somewhat changed, and as change in such cases is an element of uncertainty, so is it also an added element of interest. In 1880 there were 369 Electoral votes, and 185 were sufficient to elect. In 1892 there will be 401 Electoral votes, and 201 will be required to elect. The *Inter Ocean's* tables are as follows: Republican—Colorado 3, Connecticut 6, Illinois 22, Iowa 13, Kansas 9, Maine 6, Massachusetts 14, Michigan 13, Minnesota 10, Nebraska 6, New Hampshire 4, Oregon 3, Pennsylvania 19, Rhode Island 4, Vermont 4, Wisconsin 11, a total of 151. It gives the Democrats the following without question, a total of 150: Alabama 10, Arkansas 7, Delaware 3, Florida 4, Georgia 12, Kentucky 13, Louisiana 8, Maryland 6, Missouri 16, Mississippi 9, New Jersey 9, North Carolina 11, South Carolina 9, Tennessee 12, Texas 13, West Virginia 6. Unaffiliated votes are given to California 8, Indiana 15, Nevada 3, New York 36, Ohio 23, Virginia 12, a total of 97. But the Republicans claim Ohio as sure, and the Democrats as surely claim New York. Taking these States out of the debated list the result is: Republican, 177; Democratic, 186; doubtful, 38. California, it argues, is almost certain to go Republican, and the only States still in doubt are Indiana, Virginia and Nevada. Indiana alone, or Virginia and Nevada, combined, would give the Democrats the 201 votes required. The final analysis is that Indiana is a necessity to each party. It ranks New York as the pivotal State. But it strikes us that our contemporary is assuming a little too much in some of its claims, though, as we have already said, they are favorable to the Democrats. Unlike Ohio, Connecticut has been unvaryingly Republican in Presidential elections. She has a Democratic Administration at the present time, and is certainly quite as likely to hold to that form of political belief next year as she is to change about. California is good fighting ground, and Virginia is likely to recover from the misfortunes into which Mahone has forced her by another year, for the rogues are already disgraced, and she has promised the true citizenship of the State a chance to reclaim its own. But there will be a great fight over Indiana. Dorsey will probably not be available as a distributor of "soap" for the Republicans, but that party has other agents as slippery as he, and it can furnish all the corruption necessary, if corruption will carry the State.—*Boston Post.*

The Pennsylvania Legislature has enacted the law to punish a person who treats another to a drink of liquor of any sort.

Our Young Folks.

MR. AND MRS. CHIPPING BIRD'S NEW HOUSE.

Mr. and Mrs. Chipping Bird
Came from the South to-day;
And this is what I saw them do,
And almost heard them say:
"Their last year's house stood empty still—
'Twas in Crab Apple Row,
On Grape Vine corner, where the grapes
In autumn sweetest grow.
The house was only one year old—
Last spring they built it new;
But saw and rain fell wifery long,
Had drenched it through and through.
And winds had rocked it back and forth,
And torn it on one side;
'Twas but a shabby little house
It can not be denied.
Still, it were patched, as birds know how,
It might do one more year;
And Mr. Chipping Bird, I think,
Believed that this was clear.
Eying it round, and round, and round,
He hoped about the tree;
And chatted raptly to his wife,
As pleased as he could be.
"A little here and there," he said,
"I'll be as good as new!
Upon my word, my dear, I think
That we can make it do."
"Humph!" said the wife (at least she looked
As if that were the word)—
"I think you must have lost your head,
Dear Mr. Chipping Bird!
"To patch up such a shell as that
Is worse than building new;
I doubt if we could mend it so
'Twould last the summer through!"
"My dear, you're wrong. 'Tis not so bad—
'Is all your silly pride!
'Twill answer," Mr. Chipping Bird
In shriller accents cried.
"Ha! Will it?" chirped the little wife,
And at the tree she flew,
And in a jiffy, with her feet,
She tore the house in two.
"Now let's see you mend that," she said;
"Smart Mr. Chipping Bird, you are
And then she cocked her eye at him,
And never spoke nor stirred.
Wise Mr. Chipping Bird, he laughed;
What better could be done?
And off they flew, and in an hour
The new house was begun.—*St. Nicholas.*

A LECTURE ON MONEY.

After the audience had assembled in Barn Hall to listen to the sixth of the Barn Spicer course of lectures the speaker took his usual stand, bowed, and proceeded as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen: My subject is Money. Money is the best thing there is to get [applause], because when you have money you can get anything you want to. I mean if you are where it is or can send for it, and the one that owns is willing to sell and you have money enough. The ones that own taffy and other good things are willing to sell, and most always you are where they are or can send for them—I mean where the taffy and other good things are or can send for them—but you do not always have money enough. [No! Oh, no! from the audience.] Money is very hard to get. [Applause.] People do not give you money for nothing—I mean people that are not your father and mother, or your uncles and aunts, or your grandpa and grandma, or some kin to you. It is very hard to keep from spending money when you have any. [Applause.] The reason it is so hard to keep from spending money is because there are so many things people have to sell. [That's it! from the audience.] My father says Robinson Crusoe lived in a good place to keep money in. When you have a cent in your pocket you keep thinking about it and taking hold of it, and first thing you know you have bought something with it, and what is left you know you have eaten it all up. I mean eaten what you bought up.

Fellows try to get money in a good many ways. One way is to pick up old iron to sell to the man that buys it. Sometimes ashes barrels have nails in the ashes, and sometimes you can find nails and spikes and other old iron by crawling under places and around wharves. Another way is to sell bones to the one that buys bones, but I've forgotten what he wants them for. Back yards are first-rate places to find bones. Once I almost got bitten by a dog, trying to get a bone that dog buried up. Once my cousin Tom found most a whole dead horse's bones up in a pasture.

You can get money by keeping hens, if they lay. Red pepper is good for that. Once I sold a hen to another fellow, and while he went to get a basket, she laid. I did not know whether that was my egg or that other fellow's, and he did not know. My father said we must call a meeting of the hens and let them settle the matter. My mother said she knew a way better than that, and she broke the egg in a dish and stirred quite a lot of sugar up in it and gave us two spoons and we both ate it up.

Once I got sixty cents by selling a kitten. First my aunt bought her for sixty cents, but she scratched the baby, and she gave me ten cents to take her back. Then I sold her to my grandmother for ten cents, but she could not keep her from clawing the cushions and carpets, and she offered me ten cents to take her back, and I took her. Then I sold her for ten cents to a woman to catch mice, but she was too lazy to catch any and stole things to eat, and she said she would give me ten cents if I would take her back, and I did; and six times ten makes sixty.

I know a good many money stories that my father and my aunt and Tom and other people have told me. A girl about seven years old wanted to give her mother something for a birthday present, and a poor woman came along with some good holders to sell for ten cents, and the girl bought one, and one of the cents the girl paid her was an old one, that wouldn't pass, and that girl knew it wouldn't pass! [Groans from the audience.] I know a big fellow that borrowed a cent of a little fellow ever so long ago and he's never paid him yet. [Groans and cries of Name!] I shall not tell his name. He is yet one of these here. One boy did two mean things. When he was sweeping out a school-house, he found a ten-cent piece and kept it private. And when a store-keeper gave him back a cent too much change, he spent the cent, when it wasn't his cent. Once there was a boy and he had a sister and they were both small children, and they both had banks, and they heard about the great Michigan fire. That fire burnt up a great many people's houses, and barns, and cows, and

horses, and clothes, and everything they had. This boy and girl heard about the Michigan children that had to go without stockings and shoes, and they took the money there was in their banks and wrapped it up in a piece of brown paper and got somebody to write on it: "To help buy shoes for the children that had their banks burnt up." And that money was sent to Michigan with grown people's money. [Applause.] Ever so many years ago, two girls, one named Susan, and one named Rebecca, were friends to one another, and Susan was going away somewhere to make a visit, and she gave the other girl, the one named Rebecca, a tin box with thirteen quarters of a dollar in it to keep for her. And while she was there and bought her very good clothes, and carried her somewhere to go to school, and she grew up and got married to a Captain of a vessel, and went to sea with him in that vessel. The girl that was named Rebecca took care of the thirteen quarters, and when she grew up and her husband died, and she could not get enough for her children to live on—five children—she said: "Why don't you spend the thirteen quarters you've kept so long?" She said: "I will not; they are not mine." When she was an old woman, then people said: "Oh, Susan will never come back! no use keeping the thirteen quarters any longer." And her grandchildren said: "Come, grandma, buy us something with the thirteen quarters!" She said: "They are not mine." One day a young man named Charlie came to see the house his grandmother lived in when she was a small child. His grandmother used to be that Susan that never came back. She was not alive. Aunt Rebecca said to him: "Here is your grandmother's money—thirteen quarters—in your grandmother's tin box. I have kept them over sixty years; take them." Charlie said: "You have taken care of them over sixty years; keep them." She said: "I don't keep them, and he could not take them, and they sent them to the people that had their clothes burnt in that great Michigan fire. [Applause.]

My aunt says that sometimes money makes people do very mean things. She thinks we ought to spend some of our money, and keep some to give away. Here is a verse she made. She says it is not very good because she made it herself.

There was a mean fellow named Benny,
Who had many and many a penny,
But would not give anybody any,
He spent every one for his own self alone,
This story old folks named Benny.
—Mrs. A. M. Diaz, in *Wide-Awake*.

"For Fun."

Four boys were full of fun; they wanted to see the people get a tumble as they came out of church, so they stretched a rope across the sidewalk and hid behind the hedge to "have a good laugh."

Little Alice came running down the street; she had been carrying a basket of fruit and flowers to Auntie Comstock, who was ill; and the cherry words spoken by the invalid made the little girl very happy; so she came hopping and singing along, gay as any bird. The night was dark, the street-lamps dim and far apart. The little girl fell. The boys ran away!

After service the people found the rope; they found something else lying near by, quite still, and there it was to the light, poor little Alice! It was long before she opened her eyes again; and then it was only to know she could not skip about any more, could never even sit in her cozy chair, but must lie on her couch all the years of her life. Just for fun!

Johnnie and Charlie wanted a laugh. "Girls are such sillies, you know!" Johnnie made a dough face and put it on Charlie, wrapped him in a sheet, and hid him behind the tall old clock on the stairs.

Dear little Mamie came down the long corridor, hushing, Dollie in her arms.

An awful groan and a flourish of white from out the shadows!—a shriek, a flying figure, and a fall! The boys had their fun, but Johnnie has no sister now.

Some young men in college must "have a little fun you know," so they pinioned a companion and poured brim down his throat. A few hours later this telegram went flashing over the wires into a peaceful home: "Come at once; your son is dead!"

To-day those boys are wanderers over the face of the earth; behind them is a desolate home, an early grave—"all for fun!"

Five or six little boys wanted a "jolly time," so they caught a little homeless dog, saturated its tangled and matted hair with kerosene, then applied a lighted match. In a moment the poor creature was in a blaze. With cries of agony it ran lither and lither—oh, how the boys laughed!—then rushed into the open barn and hid beneath the close-packed hay. In a moment all was ablaze, and before assistance could arrive, barn house and the entire contents were destroyed. The boys had their fun; mamma and the little ones were left homeless.—*Humane Journal.*

The dog is said to be a noble animal, sometimes. But it would be difficult to convince Frank McCormick and wife, of Pottsville, Pa. A few days ago their four-year old boy ran out in the yard to play. Getting into an adjoining yard, with childlike confidence he went forward to play with a large dog, chained. Although represented as docile, some mad freak took possession of the brute. He seized the child, dragged it into his kennel, and literally bit him to pieces, so that he died within a few minutes.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

Felix L. Oswald says: "The true basis of National wealth is not gold, but wood. Forest destruction is the sin that has cost us our earthly Paradise. War, pestilence, storms, fanaticism and intemperance, together with all other mistakes and misfortunes, have not caused half as much permanent damage as that fatal crime against the fertility of our Mother Earth."

Nearly \$14,000,000 worth of cattle are now grazing in what six years ago was Indian country in Texas.